



UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,
AND HER R. H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A WEEKLY RECORD OF

Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

To know the cause why music was ordained
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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WE cannot pass over the solemn and gorgeous spectacle which during the last week absorbed the attention of all England, if not of all Europe, without some reference to it in a musical point of view, at once interesting to professors and amateurs. If we are to judge by the exertions of the two leading court musicians, whose talents were called into prominent display at the recent Coronation of Her Most Gracious Majesty, England is not belied by foreigners when she is refused the character of being a musical country; and the English school of church music (which is certainly one, *sui generis*) has ceased to exist.

In virtue of their privileges, Mr. Knyvett and Sir George Smart appeared as church composers—the one in an anthem, the other in two short responses. Of these compositions the musical press has differed considerably in its opinions—the *Times* asserts that “the anthem does not rise above the level of mediocrity”—an opinion which may be balanced by the general praise of the *Morning Chronicle*. The *Morning Post* enters more specifically into its merits:—“We cannot congratulate Mr. Knyvett by way of consolation for the composition. It has a light opening, of a dramatic character, in the Mendelssohnian school. The oratorio of *Paul* suggested some thoughts; but in the quartet the subject of one of Mozart’s symphonies was also borrowed, and there were also some gleanings from Beethoven. It may be judged that the anthem lacked symmetry and coherency. The divisions on the words, “we will rejoice,” were almost incessant and very common-place; but the effect of imitation of bells ringing was by no means bad, as well as the undulating passages of the basses. The best portion was to be found in the quartet, the parts of which were doubled; but the concluding chorus, “Blessed be the Lord,” was intolerable. The anthem was well instrumented. Mr. Knyvett was wrong to depart from the strictly ecclesiastical school, for only a very great composer could hope to succeed in such an attempt.”

On the other hand, the *Court Journal* declares:—"It is an excellent composition, somewhat in the style of the modern mass, and had been happily instrumented for the orchestra. The quartet, 'Lord grant the Queen a long life,' demonstrated that Mr. Knyvett has read the vocal works of Mozart and Beethoven, and with great profit. The last chorus, 'Blessed be the Lord thy God, who delighted in thee to set thee on the throne,' is spirited, and somewhat in the ever-green fashion of Seb. Bach. Mr. Knyvett has entered the lists with his late friend and coadjutor Mr. Attwood, and has no reason to fear a comparison with the composer of the justly approved anthems, 'I was glad,' and 'O Lord grant the King.'"—Of Sir G. Smart's response it adds—"After the Litany, which was read on this occasion, followed a *sanctus*, a new composition, which should not have been permitted to take the place of the few sublime chords set to the same words by Gibbons, the celebrated chapel organist in the reign of Charles the First, who lost his life from contracting the small-pox whilst attending the nuptials of that monarch with Henrietta of France, solemnized at Canterbury in 1625."

The *Atlas* sees nothing new in Mr. Knyvett's work, but commends the accompaniments.—"Mr. Knyvett's anthem does him much credit; not that it contains anything new or particularly striking, but the score is nicely put together, and, as a whole, is effective. Judging from the sound of the orchestra, and in the absence of positive information on the point, we conjecture that some one of more experience in such matters than Mr. Knyvett, has had the arrangement of the instrumental part of the work."

The *Spectator* waxes energetic, and reveals intelligence not generally known to the public, on the accuracy and authenticity of which we forbear to offer any opinion:—"The musical part of the ceremony was a libel on the present state of the art in this country; for the Queen has had a composer thrust upon her who cannot compose. She had appointed Bishop; but the intrigues of another Bishop (Charles of London) and Sir George Smart, procured the latter the situation, despite her Majesty's wish. It is the duty of the composer to the Queen to write an anthem for her coronation—and it is an opportunity which any man competent to the task would eagerly have caught at; but the place heretofore held by Blow, Croft, Green, Boyce, and Attwood, now, for the first time, degenerates into a sinecure; and England, in the presence of the representatives of every European sovereign, seems (not is) unable to offer the tribute which music in every other country presents to a new monarch.

"The band, nominally, consisted of four hundred performers, but not really. We know not the terms on which a number of persons, not even in the profession, were admitted into the orchestra, there to personate performers, but no inconsiderable number of such were to be seen.

"Knyvett, who, as well as Smart, holds the appointment of composer to her Majesty, did his duty—that is, he wrote an anthem for the occasion; and it was a composition which might be fairly said to sustain its author's reputation, if not the reputation of the English school."

Now, without endeavouring to reconcile these opinions, we will endeavour to give our own view of the matter; premising that in all we write, we have but one

object—the progress and welfare of the art. We wish to do unto others as we would be done by ; and shall say nothing in either malice or uncharitableness.

And first with respect to Mr. Knyvett. This gentleman appears to have a fine feeling for music, a nice appreciation of the beautiful and elegant in composition, but not having enjoyed an artistical education, not having studied in progression, journeying from this style to that, and graduating from the simple *alla capella* of Mr. King and Dr. Arnold, to the concerted church school of Bach and Beethoven, he has no principle of action, no fixed style, and may be said to be in the situation of an amateur, possessing a nice perception of musical beauty and propriety ; but little power of their creation. A man of no deep and rich vein of originality may, by good *uition*, write artistically, and so it was with the late Mr. Attwood. The anthem, "I was glad," is in its theme, phrasing, progression, and instrumentation, the result of a practised study in concerted composition, but not novel or surprising in its ideas. The new anthem "This is the day," is the work of an amateur unaccustomed to *think through a long composition*. We give Mr. Knyvett credit for the ability to weigh the voice parts of a short glee, and to avoid the consecutive octave or fifth ; but beyond this, he is only in the situation of an amateur. He has studied under no master ; collated no school ; formed no style. What then, as composer to Her Majesty, was he to do ? Was he to write in the pure vocal school, the school of Gabrieli and Palestrina ; the old church style of the Elizabethan age, that of Byrd, Tallis, Tye, and Gibbons ; the organ school of Purcell in his full anthems ; his concerted dramatic school, in his recitatives, solos, and verses ? or should he boldly seize hold of Handel or Bach ? But all these schools are founded on a profuse use of counterpoints, first seen in canonic imitation, and subsequently in the contrapuntal use of the florid sequence in suspension ; and no man can write in these styles unless he can *think continuously* :—and weave a glorious fabric in the web of his imagination out of the simple and most uninviting material. No one can attain this eminence who has not first blotted whole reams of paper, and that under the superintendance of an artist who has gone through a similar drudgery ? Mr. Knyvett had still left for choice the simple choral school of our modern cathedral writers, which he had the good sense to reject as unworthy of imitation, and thus he was driven to the concerted church style of the Germans, the simplest form of which (that without the fugue) he has chosen to adopt ; so far copying the example of Mr. Attwood, his late colleague.

But Mr. Knyvett had not been favoured with the education of Attwood, and he has put on the unproven armour. No style can be more thoroughly mechanical than the modern German style of concerted church music, and hence the many continental professors who write decent music. But as it is extremely artificial in its structure, any departure from the usual mechanism employed is instantly detected. The progression of the movement is carried on orchestrally, or in reference to the development of the instrumental idea, not of the vocal. This Mr. Attwood could effect, but not, we think, Mr. Knyvett. The former composed his anthem *in his head*, probably without putting pen to paper until the primal idea had been perfected, and fully developed. Mr. Knyvett has trusted to his fingers at the pianoforte, and to a tolerably good memory. The instant a glee writer puts his

fingers to the instrument to help his conception, or to find him an idea, he is lost. He no longer thinks *vocally*, but after the manner of a thorough base player, a cathedral accompanist. Now we entertain no doubt that Mr. Knyvett wrote the long drawn undulating passage on the word "rejoice" at the piano. It is in no style that ever existed under the sun. A vocalist would be the first to decry it; it would offend the taste of an admirer of symmetrical arrangement; a conductor would feel ashamed of directing such emphatic inanity.

We have no space to analyse the movements, nor would our readers perhaps thank us for undertaking the task. Whether the opening subject be that which Weber has used in his overture to *Preciosa*, or the bells at the close of this movement be those ringing at the termination of the overture to *La Clemenza di Tito*, are matters of very minor importance. We must look at the composition in its style and progression. In the first point of view it belongs to no school; the short phrase of the modern German is mingled with the extended and inwoven form of the ancient organ school. The modern choral allegro, in which a minim and two crotchets, four crotchets, or a crotchet and two quavers, followed by the same, form the usual complement of the bar, is adopted at the opening, but lost sight of in the progression of the movement, and were it not for the uniformity of character in the accompaniment, the anthem would have no character whatever about it. The accompaniment carries it through, and in listening to the Mozartean positions of the instruments, the ear is seduced to forget the want of propriety in the vocal parts.

Now, if this anthem be a fair specimen of English composition, then England has no school, and her sons patronize an incongruous medley of schools, ancient and modern, vocal and instrumental, German and Italian.

Sir George Smart in the words of *The Spectator*, "cannot compose." From his *sanctus* and *response*, he appears to have neither invention, memory, or artistic skill, and how any one, whether amateur or professor, can write without one at least of these attributes, we are at a loss to conceive. Even short as was the *sanctus*, Sir George could not glue it together in one style, and we defy him to point out the school in which he may be said to have amalgamated these few bars. The structure of the parts is deplorable, and the first four bars present an instance of unequal rythm, the word "holy" being confined to a single bar, followed by its being extended over two. Does Sir George imagine the melo-dramatic style of the Coburg Theatre, the trombones, followed by clarionets, flutes, and a few bars on the organ (not in organ disposition or phraseology) was a proper introduction to a *sanctus*, performed in an English cathedral, at the most imposing and august ceremonial his assembled countrymen could expect to witness? We blush for him and for the degradation of our great Protestant school of ecclesiastical music.

It would seem from the recent efforts of these gentlemen, that if we judge the profession and our native composers thereby, the cathedral school of church music is extinct, and the concerted style of Boyce forgotten. This comes of playing Messrs. King, Arnold, Porter, and Company. If we could spare room we would subjoin a list of the "great church compositions" performed at Her Majesty's chapel, St. James', for these four or five years past. We regret we have not,

although it would present a most convincing reason why Messrs. Knivett and Smart reject the present style of the chapel, and adopt one hitherto unknown, and we rejoice to add, unpractised in any part of Europe, save at the Coronation of a fair and innocent being, whose honour and happiness is the dearest and uppermost wish of every Englishman.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE Philharmonic Society was originally an association of eminent artists, formed for the express and sole purpose of musical improvement by the regular and combined application of the best talents to the production and performance of the best works. The management of the concerts was then an office of labour and of honour ; it is now neither toilsome nor honourable. Loud and general are the complaints of the members, and yet certain names yearly recur in the list of Directors. The situation is now become a desirable and profitable possession. Pupils, whose earnings are shared by a master, are thrust into engagements ; tickets are given as the bait or bribe for some interest, vote, or favour, immediate or remote ; stations in the orchestra or out of it are provided for hangers-on and dependents ; and thus a situation which ought to inspire the wish, as it confers the power to benefit the art, is perverted into an engine of sordid traffic and dirty intrigue. At the commencement of each season, and indeed long before the season commences, the Philharmonic Directors enter upon their office—not on their duties—with ample means at their disposal, unfettered by a single engagement, free to choose and able to pay for the most perfect display of their art in any of its forms ; one of the finest bands in Europe awaiting their call, and bound to implicit obedience to their decrees. Chosen in the month of July, they have the entire quiet of autumn, in fact six months of leisure, to prepare for the concerts of the next season. The whole range of accompanied vocal and instrumental music lies open before them ; they are unshackled by laws forbidding the music of this age or that country ; their selection may be from ancient as well as modern, and from modern as well as ancient writers ; classical compositions of every school invite their attention, and may be pressed into their service. The greatest difficulties need not appal them ; for, in addition to the well-known and acknowledged power, individual and collective, of their band, they have authority as well as the means to summon any requisite number of rehearsals, and to engage whatever singers and as many as shall be necessary for the perfect exhibition of any work of their art. Such are their resources, such the means at their command. No European monarch has the control of a similar quantity of musical power, and no one wields such a power with more absolute sway. Now, what has been the result ? what evidence of diligence, of research, of labour, has been afforded from the eight concerts of the past season ? None of any kind. The instrumental compositions of this year have been the instrumental compositions of last year ; nothing has been produced, nothing revived ; while the vocal selections have succeeded in disgraceful degeneracy, none making the other ashamed, the only variety being the employment of good singers on bad music, or intrusting that which is good to incompetent performers. And thus, opportunities which ought to produce the very best results are perversely made to yield the very worst ; and the Philharmonic Society, designed and intended to be a garden of flowers ever fragrant and fresh, well chosen, tilled, and watered, is become a dunghill, stagnant and offensive, generating only what is corrupt and disgusting. The *real* duties of this Musical Bumbureaucracy would be better discharged by Goodwin, the copyist ; since habit would give him some method and plan in his arrangements, whereas his masters have none, nor purpose, except to turn their office to individual advantage.

In speaking thus of a body of men in their collective capacity, the whole, unavoidably, become answerable for the acts of the majority ; and although we know that body contains men to whom these remarks do not apply, and who are anxious as they are able in other situations to advance the interests of their art, they are, here, utterly powerless. A new infusion is yearly made into the manage-

rial body ; but the occasional exertions of a few, whose power is known to be transient, is wholly ineffective when opposed to that of a permanent clique, who contrive, by methods and for purposes best known to themselves, to maintain their seats in perpetuity. With them all authority really resides. Many of the electors are employed in the band, and others hold in addition various other lucrative situations in the Society. These men all stick by the Bumbureaucracy, for they are their permanent masters : with them it rests to bestow patronage and favour—to push one forward and to keep back another—to admit or to exclude—to engage or to reject—to wink at neglect of duty or rigidly to enforce a law against a suspected rebel.

Such is the present state of affairs in the Philharmonic Society, and such the true cause of those results at which many wonder and all complain.—*Spectator.*

What demon of carelessness has taken possession of the Philharmonic band, that it cannot accompany vocal music even respectably ? Nothing could be much worse than the orchestral mangling of the “ O ! cara immagine.” The simplicity of the song, we presume, had deprived it of rehearsal, and thus inflicted some errors on the audience, which, from their repetition, were evidently inaccuracies of the copyist. This should not be, in what is somewhat proudly termed “ the first concert in the world.”—*Atlas.*

METROPOLITAN CONCERTS.

THE MUSIC AT THE CORONATION.—It had been correctly imagined that the objects of high and intense interest which succeeded each other so rapidly in Westminster Abbey on Thursday last, would so absorb the attention of the spectators as to leave little or none for the musical portion of the service. It was the opinion of the Earl Marshal that at all events “ the orchestra ought to look well,” and accordingly, with the aid of his excellent regulations, it was a gorgeous spectacle. It was fitted up in the same style as the other galleries, covered with crimson drapery, fringed with yellow ; and the book-stands supported by gothic pillars, surmounted by the orthodox ecclesiastical cherubim, or “ organ angel.” But the rich decorations were a small thing in comparison with the almost eastern magnificence produced by the contrast of the white robes mingling with the red hoods and sable gowns of the minor canons, and the gay and golden uniform of the instrumentalists. The orchestra looked well—so well indeed that the Prince of Putbus actually screamed with delight, and even the heart of the Bishop of London waxed warm, and we thought we could trace in the beam of his eye, as he gazed on the gratifying scene, some abatement of that relentless hostility with which he pursues the high musical service of the Protestant church.

The orchestra, as was stated in our last, was large, and held a number of persons, some of whom were misplaced, and others had no business there. Mr. Harper, the flute player on the trumpet, with whom the military flourish, *the fanfare*, is a perfect abomination, because he always fails in it, was hoisted up to the other end of the Abbey, there to abide at the imminent risk of losing some part of his reputation, and with the certainty of having lost his coronation uniform. On the other hand, Distin, who is really ignorant of the orchestral business, particularly the trumpet parts of Handel’s choral music, was placed in the orchestra, and left with Mr. Irwin to stumble through the symphonies of the anthem, “ The Queen shall rejoice.” There were eight oboe players, who were unanimous in a sturdy determination to play most villainously out of tune, and in order that they might have a fair field, if not some little favour, the flutes were reduced to four, the clarionets to eight. The bassoons equalled the oboes ; some of these gentlemen we never saw before, and even Mr. Hedgeley, the copyist, looked shy upon them, for we saw them at times without any music book. Amongst the instrumentalists lower down were similar novelties, which the exigencies of the times no doubt gave rise to. One gentleman we were told had been diligently inquiring into the character and meaning of the *viola cleff*, whilst another, who having the advantage of knowing the cleff, but not possessing the instrument, had strung up a violin with the strings of a tenor. It was difficult to know on what principle the engagement of the parties had been made. The father

of the bassoon, Mr. Mackintosh, was absent, whilst there were bassoon holders alarmingly new to the eyes and ears of most present. The leader at Covent Garden was present, the leader at Drury Lane absent. The aspect in the other departments was more honourable to man's best affections, and here and there we discovered the services of a whole family enlisted in the glorious cause of loyalty and religion. Thus there was Mr. Chapel Royal Hawes, Mr. Lutenist Chapel Royal Hawes, jun., Mr. Vicar Choral St. Paul's Hawes, jun., Mr. Almoner St. Paul's Hawes, jun., Miss Hawes, Mr. Perkins (a relative we believe of Mrs. Hawes), Mr. Perkins's brother, Mr. Perkins's friend—making altogether a snug family party.

The arrangements of the music were such as might be expected. There was nobody (in power) who appeared to know what was and what was not a decent score, and consequently the most ludicrous absurdities were at times enacted. Mr. Tutton, one of the best writers for brass instruments in the metropolis, was condemned to take a share in the vilest arrangement of the national air that we think we ever heard, the work of Mr. Kramer. The mummery at the east end of the choir was disgraceful, whether we look at collocation of the instruments or the music. "God save the Queen," scored for a small brass band as Mr. Tutton can score, would have reflected some credit on Sir George Smart's arrangements, and perhaps secured the shout from the assembled thousands, which as its absence has been so commented upon, we take leave to observe may have arisen from the panic which no doubt seized every person of a nervous temperament at hearing the national song disguised in such Bartholomew-fair habiliments.

We have no Chapel-Royal men it appears who can dress up the composition of their predecessor. Dr. Boyce's service had also been given to Mr. Kramer, or ought we not to write Mr. Harding the clarionet player in Mr. Kramer's band. So also had the anthem of Handel and the occasional overture, all of which had been instrumented and re-instrumented in the style of the Palace Yard.

The order of the performances was as follows:

1. Anthem—"I was glad"	Attwood.
2. Sanctus—"Holy, holy"	Smart.
3. Response—"Lord have mercy"	Ditto.
4. Anthem—"Zadock the Priest"	Handel.
5. Ditto—"The Queen shall rejoice"	Ditto.
6. Service—"Te Deum"	Boyce.
7. Anthem—"This is the day"	Knyvett.
8. Chorus—"Hallelujah"	Handel.
9. Overture—"Occasional Oratorio"	Ditto.

To which must be added a chant by Pelham Humphreys, and a musical flourish from the state trumpeters.

Here was a variety of styles, which could not fail to attract in any ordinary case. Mr. Attwood in the modern Roman Catholic style, Sir George Smart in his own, Handel in the great Protestant school, Dr. Boyce in the middle *alla capella* of the cathedral, and Mr. Knyvett in his own, disguised in the costume of Mozart.

There was, strictly speaking, no conductor; but Sir George sat at the organ. We regret he had not retained that office, in which he certainly has a reputation, and deservedly so; but in undertaking to play the organ, he has greatly lowered his reputation, not simply as an organist, but as a professor. Sir George, we believe, lays no claim to the character of being much of an organ performer; and as there is a wide difference in being a mere accompanist and a professor of the instrument, we were prepared to listen to his efforts with no very high standard in view by which to judge him. But after hearing him call the band together, and accompany the simple chant of Pelham Humphrey, we shall decline to offer any opinion on his attainments in the character of either organist or musician. We have heard her Majesty is not so constant in her attendance at the Chapel, St. James'; if the singing be in any way like the playing, we think a casuist might suggest the reason.

Handel's anthem, "The Queen shall rejoice," was the gem of the day in musical matters; the semi-chorus, "Exceeding glad shall she be," is a celestial movement, and divinely was it sung by thirty-two of the best voices in the metropolis. In justice to the ladies and gentlemen, Mesdames Bishop, Knyvett, Shirreff, Roser,

Birch, Rainforth, Shaw, M. B. Hawes, Masson, Dolby, Cawse; the Masters Coward; Messrs. Braham, Wilson, Bennett, Terrail, Horncastle, Vaughan, Hobbs, Francis, Hawkins, Phillips, Sale, Bellamy, Atkins, Novello, Horsley, Turle, and Moscheles, &c., we are bound to remark, that their efforts saved the credit of the parties concerned. Mr. Atkins's voice in a cathedral is that of a Titan; we can separate his full, round, sonorous, and reedy tones in an instant, and he needs no placard to tell where he is placed. The orchestral performers were numerous, including the *élite* of the profession—Mori, Cramer, Loder, Blagrove, T. Cooke, Thomas, Patey, Moralt, Watts, Ella, Kearns, Lindley, Hatton, Bonner, Bannister, Dragometti, Howell, Anfossi, Willman, Williams, Cooke, Baumann, Denman, &c. &c.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—On Saturday and Monday, a performance of Sacred Music took place in Westminster Abbey, having the two-fold object of a remembrance of Her Majesty's Coronation, and pecuniary assistance to several excellent charities, the Westminster Hospital, the Westminster Dispensary, and the parochial Sunday and Infant Schools within the Royal Peculiar of Westminster. The Festival was under the patronage or Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager, Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Augusta, and the Duke of Sussex. It was also patronised by the Directors of the Ancient Concerts, namely, the Duke of Cambridge, the Archbishop of York, the Duke of Wellington, Earl Fortescue, Earl Howe, and Lord Burghersh; and by the following individuals:—The Bishops of Gloucester and Bristol, Exeter, Ely, and Chichester; the Dukes of Northumberland, Norfolk, and Buccleuch; Marquis of Westminster; Earls Devon, Dartmouth, Fitzwilliam, Delawarr, Radnor, Cadogan, Brownlow, Eldon, Ripon, and Besborough; Viscounts Sidmouth and Lowther, &c. &c. On both days of performance, the Abbey, which remained much in the same state as on the day of Coronation, was crowded to excess, and the result has exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its patrons. The selection of music was as follows:—

Part I.—Chorus, "We praise thee, O God," Haydn. Recit. and Air, "Comfort ye, my people," Mr. Braham (The Messiah), Handel. Chorus, "For unto us a Child is born" (The Messiah), Handel. Air, "Where is this stupendous stranger?" Miss M. B. Hawes, Handel. Coronation Anthem, "This is the day," W. Knyvett. Air, "Ye guardian saints," Mr. H. Phillips (Palestine) Dr. Crotch. Choruses and Quartets (Requiem), Mozart. Duet, "O, lovely peace!" Mrs. H. R. Bishop and Miss Hawes (Judas Maccabeus), Handel. Anthem, "Zadock the Priest," Handel. Leader, Mr. F. Cramer.

Part II.—Selection from "The Creation:" Haydn.—Instrumental (Representation of Chaos), Recit. "In the beginning," Mr. Phillips. Chorus, "And the Spirit of God," Recit. and Air, "Now vanish," Mr. Bennett. Chorus, "Despising, cursing," Recit. "And God made the firmament," Mr. Phillips. Air, "The marvellous work," Mrs. Knyvett. Recit. and Air, "With verdure clad," Mrs. H. R. Bishop. Recit. "And God said," Mr. Braham. Recit. (accompanied) "In splendour bright," Mr. Braham. Chorus, "The Heavens are telling," Trio, "The sun and the moon," Mrs. Knyvett, Mr. Bennett, and Mr. Sale. Aria, "Gratus agimus," Madame Grisi; Clarinet obligato, Mr. Wilman, Guglielmi. Hymn, "Lord of Heaven," Haydn. Aria, "A te, fra tanti affanni," Sig. Rubini (Davide Penitente), Mozart. Chorus, "God is great," (Judah), Beethoven. Sestetto, "Et incarnatus est," Mrs. Knyvett, Mrs. Bishop, Miss Hawes, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Parry, jun., and Signor Lablache (Nicene Creed), Haydn. Chorus, "Hallelujah," (Mount of Olives), Beethoven. Leader, Mr. Mori.

Part III.—Anthem, "I was glad," Attwood. Aria, "Sanctum et terrible," Signor Tamburini, Pergolesi. Double Chorus, "He gave them hailstones" (Israel in Egypt), Handel. Solo, "Luther's Hymn," Mr. Braham; Trumpet Obligato, Mr. Harper, and Organ, Mr. Turle. Air, "Holy, holy," Mrs. Knyvett (Redemption), Handel. Air and Chorus, "Eternal God," Miss Hawes (Judah), Beethoven. Recitative and Aria, "Deh parlate (Il Sacrifizio d'Abrao)," Cimarosa. Chorus, "The Lord shall reign," Handel. Recitative, "For the horse," Mr. Braham, Handel. Recitative, "And Miriam," Mr. Braham, Handel. Air, "Sing ye to the Lord," Mrs. H. R. Bishop, Handel. Double Cho. "The horse

and his rider" (Israel in Egypt), Handel. Leader, Mr. Loder—Conductor, Sir George Smart.

The principal singers were Grisi, Mrs. H. R. Bishop, Miss Hawes, Mrs. Knyvett, Mr. Braham, Mr. Knyvett, Mr. Sale, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Parry, jun., Mr. Phillips, and Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache. The leaders—F. Cramer, the first part; Mori, the second; and Loder, of Bath, the third. Turle presided at the organ, erected by Davison and Hill; and Sir G. Smart was conductor. Amongst the band we recognized the veterans Dragonetti and Lindley, Willman, G. Cooke, Harper and son, Card, Puzzi, Platt, Denman, Andre, Chipp, Ponder, the three Calkins, Moralt, Smithers, &c. Mrs. Shaw was announced in the programme, but her music was sung by Miss Hawes. The most prominent displays were the scena from Cimarosa's *Oratorio*, and the song from Mozart's *Cantata*, "Davidde Penitente;" in the latter, the beauty and grandeur of the scene, the divine tenderness of the music, and the sweet and touching expression of the singer enraptured the audience, and many we noticed who had their eyes suffused with tears, fixed in one long and steadfast gaze on the singer, long after his liquid tones had ceased to float along the choir. The present time is remarkable for a propagation of the love of the art, and for grand displays of its power. The early and anxious attendance of nearly 7,000 persons at the Abbey, on Saturday and Monday, demonstrate this opinion; and as the majority were evidently strangers to the metropolis, the feeling may be said to be widely dispersed over the provinces. The employment of amateurs will, we trust, tend to reduce the hitherto enormous costs attending these celebrations; and, as the risk will be proportionally smaller, or at all events, only contingent upon the engagements of the solo singers, we earnestly look forward to many repetitions of scenes like those of Monday, which, under care, cannot but contribute to the improvement of our taste, the diffusion of happiness, and a certain source to rely on, for the alleviation of the poor, the aged, and the distressed. The arrangements made by the Committee for the convenience of ingress and egress, and for the personal accommodation in the Abbey, transcended anything of the kind we ever saw before. Some amongst them must boast of long heads, marvellous energy, and a tried experience in these matters.

MR. BOCHSA'S CONCERT.—The harp has been celebrated throughout all ages; its professors and its powers sung "by every size of poet," and perhaps of all instruments displays to a greater advantage the dazzling graces of the softer sex; and having such recommendations, it can be no matter of surprise that it engages the most distinguished and enviable patronage. In modern times Erard has done much in the invention of mechanism, which has enabled its professor to bring into action a wide field of modulation, and much varied harmonical and melodical combination. The first person to take advantage of these capabilities was M. Bochsa. Born amidst the hubbub of a theatrical orchestra, brought before the public as a concerto performer, before he had reached his seventh year, the composer of a symphony in his ninth, a ballet writer at twelve, and opera composer at sixteen, M. Bochsa had the good sense, when thrown into juxtaposition with great artists, to forget his youthful extravagancies in music, and to set himself down to study. Successively a pupil of Beck, Catel, Nadermann, Mehul, and Marin; he applied himself to the cultivation of almost every style of musical composition, and wrote and published oratorios, requiems, concertos, symphonies, capriccios, fantasias, &c. innumerable. In confining his talents to the harp, he has enlarged its sphere with considerable success, and sustained a high reputation by the variety of style, and the fire, force, and brilliancy of his execution.

We have been alluding to M. Bochsa as he was in the meridian of his powers, and so long as his services as an artist are borne in recollection, he is secure of the undiminished respect of the young harpists of the present day. But there is still much to be effected on the harp ere its capabilities be fully developed. In Mr. Chatterton's performance we find great tone, but no indications of new combinations or new phraseology. Mr. Labarre has great delicacy, and an elegant manner, but the structure of his passages are in the old fashioned school of Nadermann. It appears to us therefore, that there is an opening for a professor who would apply himself to the formation of a new school of composition, one in which the power of melody should be altogether in keeping with the genius of the instru-

ment, and which banishing the absurd and fatiguing variations, should open an arena for the display of the sonata, such as it is in the present day, when thrown into a form adapted for other instruments, a theme simple in itself, but by a natural and logical treatment, made interesting and delightful to every auditor.

Mr. Bochsa's performances on Tuesday, embraced the following pieces:—Characteristic " Morceau d'apropos," called "The Garland of Shamrocks," introducing the following Irish airs:—" The Red Fox," "Rory O'More," "Crooghan a venee," "Brian Boirham's March," "Gramachree," "Nancy Dawson," and St. Patrick's Day." Double fantasia (harp) Mr. Bochsa; violoncello, Mr. Lindley, introducing the favourite cavatina, "Della Gioja." Conversation musicale, entitled "Vous et Moi," harp, Mr. Bochsa; horn, Signor Puzzi, introducing the last melody composed by Bellini; the favourite barcarola from Marino Faliero; and a subject from Lucia di Lammermoor, by Donizetti. The favourite Irish melody, "Last Rose of Summer," with variations for voice, Madame Cinti Damoreau, accompanied on the harp by Mr. Bochsa, and on the horn by Signor Puzzi. Duetto Brillante, pianoforte, Monsieur Doehler; harp, Mr. Bochsa, introducing a grand march, the German hymn "God save the Emperor," the "Heart of Oak," and "God save the Queen."

Mr. Bochsa went through these compositions with brilliant success, and although we traced some slight subtraction from the full splendour of his meridian powers, he came off with undiminished reputation, and not a whit the less delighted his auditors. His programme in other respects offered many excellencies both in vocal and instrumental performance. Grisi, Persiani, Albertazzi, Cinti Damoreau, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache, were the vocalists; Mad. Dulcken, Doehler, Puzzi, Strauss and his band, the instrumentalists. Doehler fulfilled his promise pledged in Paris to Thalberg, that he would play in England some composition of his friend, and selected the first *caprice* in E minor, which although an exceedingly dashing movement, is constructed so completely, *selon les regles* of the mechanist, that its difficulties are more apparent than real. We have heard several native artists perform it both in public and private, with great success, but no one with more power or contrast than was exhibited by M. Doehler. Madle. Dulcken was as polished, and as piquant as ever in the duet with the young German; her tone is admirable and execution of the most finished order.

The concert was protracted to an enormous length, but the talent engaged in it detained the auditors until its close.

M. HUERTA'S CONCERT.—This gentleman, the Paganini of the guitar, attracted a large audience to Willis's Rooms, on the 26th ult., when he gave his friends and patrons an excellent programme, and performed several fantasias on his instrument in the most admirable manner.

CHORAL HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Members of this Association, led by Mr. Dando, and conducted by Mr. Holderness, held their last meeting for the present season, on Tuesday, the 26th. There are, perhaps, more clever artists in this and the Melophonic Society, than any of similar resources in the metropolis; but it has appeared to us that the Directors of the Choral Harmonic Society weaken their *corps* by a too divided attention to a mass of musical compositions so heterogeneous in their character, and differing so widely in their demands on an orchestra, as to require a union of the choral strength of the Exeter Hall meetings, the orchestral power and brilliancy of the Philharmonic band, and the delicacy and style of that at the Opera. On Tuesday night, we heard selections from Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Cherubini, Rossini, Spohr, Weber, Auber, Cimarosa, and Mercadante. It is a very rare thing to congregate an assemblage of artists who shall be able to bestow equal justice on the compositions of Auber and Handel, Mercadante and Haydn, Cimarosa and Beethoven; and when this be done, it is only by a union of every branch of the profession—the concerto player and the instrumental ripieno—the *prima donna* of Her Majesty's Theatre, and the well-drilled choralist. The members of this amateur society are surely attempting not only more than their means will permit, but more than their warmest supporters would demand. A shorter programme, with a less admixture of totally opposed styles, would satisfy every attendant, and relieve the performers from much anxiety and unnecessary trouble.

The principal vocalists were Sapiro, Leffler, Ferrari; Mesdames, Dolby, Else,

Risdon, and Cooper. Part of the Selection was very creditably performed, whilst occasionally there were scenes which indicated unsteadiness and want of careful rehearsals.

CONCERT OF MDLLE. PLACCI AND SIG. ALARI.—Mdlle. Placci is known to the public as a contralto singer, with a sweet voice, of good taste, and of a modesty which is rare enough in these days of universal pretension. Signor Alari, of whose existence we were ignorant until very recently, appears to be a vocal composer of very considerable ability—one who has studied in the best schools, and reached a degree of refinement far beyond the fortune of many to attain. The vocalists present, Mesdames Shaw, Bishop, Woodham, Schieroni, Zamboni, and Placci; M. M. Ivanoff, Catone, Zamboni, De Begnis, Ruggiero, Perrugini, F. Lablache, and Balfé, assisted in singing some of the Signor's composition, and the portion of the vocal selection. Amongst the instrumentalists were Mori, Labarre, Calegari, Puzzi, Emiliani, Willman, Sedlatzek, Barrett, and Baumann. To these we must add M. Doehler, who appeared in some novelties of his own construction between the acts.

CONCERT OF MADAME DULKEN AND M. DOEHLER.—The announcement that Madame Dulcken was to play Mendelssohn's celebrated concerto in D, written for the Birmingham Festival, and that M. Doehler would appear in a new concerto, and several other novelties, congregated a large assembly yesterday morning at the Hanover Square Rooms. Almost every pianist of celebrity was present, together with a host of professional talent, metropolitan and provincial. Madame Dulcken has long been distinguished for the most complete command over the instrument, by which she has rendered her name so distinguished, and the daring energy she has so repeatedly displayed in the execution of the latest novelty, whether the production of "the lion of the season," or the choice exotic from some celebrated continental master, has placed her in a permanent situation, as one of the most accomplished artists resident in the metropolis. In attempting the music of Mendelssohn, the artist has greater difficulties to combat than in grappling with the sparkling and contrasted passages of a Thalberg. His music, like that of Moscheles, combines the two schools, the open and the cramped—the vivid staccato with the most delicious repose—the tenderness of Mozart with the fiery energy of Beethoven. But the unwearyed industry of this lady has made her familiar with all the schools. On her appearance she was welcomed enthusiastically, and the felicitous manner in which she went through the exquisite phrases which run throughout the first movement, drew forth repeated marks of the fervid feeling of the audience, and their sympathy both with composer and performer. The lovely andante narrowly escaped an encore: we never saw an audience at a morning concert exhibit so much zeal in the expression of their delight. But in the finale Madame Dulcken absolutely revelled: one might suppose it purposely written to display the neat, bold, crisp, and unerring finger of this lady. Its conclusion was welcomed with a perfect hurricane of applause, and exclamations of surprise and transport fell from all sides. She subsequently performed in a most finished manner, with M. Doehler, the elegant duet in E flat by Hummel, and afterwards Thalberg's celebrated fantasia on "God save the Queen."

M. Doehler's new concerto is a rondo on a lively air, not unlike the old melody known as "The Plough Boy." Its construction is dashing in the extreme, and appears to congregate every known difficulty in the mechanism of pianoforte performance. We did not hear the new fantasia on Themes from Benedict's opera of "The Gipsy's Warning."

A *debutante* appeared in the person of Mdlle. Bulling, a pretty Saxon, and pupil of Lablache. When she has overcome her nervous apprehensions we shall be better able to judge of her talents.

THEATRICAL SUMMARY.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The performance on last Thursday night, was confined to the exterior, which in the day time was occupied by a dense mass of spectators, gazing upon the coronation procession to and from the Abbey; and at night thousands of lamps, with

a brilliant transparency, exhibited the gratitude of the managers of the Italian Opera, for the distinguished patronage which has been conferred on that establishment by Her Majesty.

On Friday night the representations were resumed, but the "extra night not included in the subscription in honour of the coronation," was a comparative failure, although the "Puritani" was given as the bills told us, for the last time this season." The national anthem was sung by Grisi, Albertazzi, and Persiani; Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache; Taglioni danced a *pas de deux* with Guerra, and Fanny Elsler appeared in "Zerlina," in the ballet of "Fra Diavolo."

Saturday night was signalized by an extraordinary riot. Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro" was announced, together with the ballet of "La Bayadere," for the first time, this season, and a grand *pas de deux*, by the Elslers. This combined attraction drew one of the largest assemblages of persons ever witnessed within the walls. At the first rush, and it is whispered even before, the pit was crammed. The non-finders of seats, after being crushed for a little time in the allies, suddenly commenced scaling the barriers into the stalls, many of which were soon filled. The police were sent for, and three successive attempts made to dislodge the enemy, but they maintained their positions, losing two or three prisoners in the *melee*. Eventually a truce was agreed upon. The illegitimate stall occupants were to retreat with the honours of war, and take up new positions on the stage. But here the scene became "confusion worse confounded." Such were the numbers of the ejected stallites, and banished pittites, that they occupied the entire stage, sturdily refusing to remove, and insisting that the opera should be gone through in the space *before the curtain*. This was too much for managerial patience, and the policemen were again summoned. The excitement was prodigious, and a general row was anticipated, but at length a *coup de théâtre* was successfully resorted to. A scene was let down at the back of the stage, as if for the opera to begin, and the overture began. The stage visitors rushed to secure the best places at the rear, and at the wings, but *presto*, another scene was let down nearer the drop curtain, thus cutting off a considerable number of the invaders, and before they could rally and recover their lost ground, the theatrical officials had formed an impenetrable phalanx at the sides, only permitting the performers to pass. Whilst this pretty skirmishing was going on behind, there was a tremendous uproar before the curtain; but at nine o'clock, (half past seven on Saturday is the usual hour) the overture was again rattled through, and the opera commenced, interrupted frequently by the hisses and yells of the audience, as the stage occupants displayed themselves too prominently, owing to the "pressure from without." The opera was got through in the first act without a change of scene, and of course in the closest part there were some ludicrous *contretens*. It was with infinite difficulty the performers could make their entrances and exits. Very often the business was at a stand still, Grisi calling out for "Lablache," not in character, or Persiani demanding Tamburini. It would be unjust to criticise severely under such circumstances. The only encore was the "Sull Aria;" but there were other pieces which deserved the compliment better, for the duet is disfigured by Grisi's ridiculous cadenzas. Persiani's "Dove sono" was every thing that could be desired; and Lablache's mentally and physically colossal. His "Se vuol ballare," and "Non pia andrai," were as stupendous as his majestic assistance in the concerted music. Albertazzi was much more animated than on previous occasions. With her fine organ, if she would only shake off her apathy, she might make still much of the "Non so piu," and the "Voi che sapete." The cast is certainly superb; but it could yet be strengthened by effective singers in Bartolo and Basilio: Ruggiero and Tati are but poor representatives. We would walk some distance to hear the noble air "La vendetta" done justice to. The wonderful accompaniments were splendidly executed by the orchestra; nothing could exceed the crispness and *a plomb* of these unrivalled performers. In the recitative, Lindley and Dragonetti stand alone; they sustain the voice with unerring truth and precision. The style indeed in which the points were taken up by the band, reflects the highest credit on every individual player, as well as the pervading mind and hawk's eye of Costa the Conductor.

At midnight we left the theatre, as Taglioni was commencing her sportive

bounds in the "Bayadère," Fanny Elsler having, in the Opera, startled the audience, by her novel and ingenious steps in a *pas de deux* with her sister.

Balfe's Opera, founded on "The Merry Wives of Windsor," is the next novelty, and great is the curiosity excited to witness Lablache in the "Fat Knight."

MISCELLANEOUS.

BRUGES.—A new saloon for the Philharmonic Society is building in this city on a magnificent scale.

DE BERIOT, Madame **GARCIA** and **SERVAIS** have given numerous concerts at Brussels, Ghent, Liege, and Namur, with the most complete success.

KALKERBENNER has returned to Paris. At Munich he was well received, and his two concerts were no doubt profitable speculations.

CLARA NOVELLO gave two concerts at Augsburg, at which the pianist Heller highly distinguished himself.

LA FONTAINE.—Colasse also composed the music of *Astree*, a tragic opera, written by La Fontaine, and produced in 1691. A characteristic anecdote is related of this celebrated poet. At the first performance of this piece he was sitting in a box behind some ladies who did not know him. They heard him constantly saying to himself, "wretched! detestable! trash!" until at length one of them, weary of his repeated murmurs, said to him, "O, sir, the piece is by no means bad—the author is a man of genius, the famous M. de la Fontaine." "Well, ladies," said he very coolly, "the piece is not worth a farthing; and this M. de la Fontaine whom you talk of, is a blockhead—he tells you so himself." At the end of the first act he went away, and, going into an adjoining coffee-house, sat down in a corner and fell asleep. A gentleman of his acquaintance coming in, and seeing him, exclaimed, "What! M. de la Fontaine here! should he not be at the first representation of his Opera?" "I am just come from it," said La Fontaine, rousing himself and yawning. "I sat out the first act, but was so completely sick of it that I could not stay any longer. Really, the Parisians have a wonderful stock of patience!"—*Hogarth's Musical Drama*.

BEETHOVEN'S PORTRAIT.—We have received a lithograph portrait of this musician, engraved by Hanhart, from a painting by Stieler, a print for which our countrymen are indebted to the enthusiasm of M. Stumpt. This engraving combines the softness of a lithograph, with the delicacy and finish of a copperplate. The portrait, we apprehend, from a comparison with others, to be a striking likeness of the composer, an opinion in which we are borne out by that expressed by J. N. Hummel, who has declared it to be the best and most faithful yet published. In the lofty and projecting forehead, the expansive brow and deep set eye, we trace a vivid susceptibility to the impressions of the beautiful, the ideal, and the sublime; whilst in the resolved and almost stern expression of the mouth, we see the impress of a mind which has more of contempt than love for humanity:—the expression of imagination and profound intellect, combined with a grandeur and passion; a settled mould of features indicative of an habitual and intense train of thought, far removed from the ordinary objects of human observation. No disciple of Beethoven should be without it.

THE CONTRA-BASS POSAUNE.—A new brass instrument under this name, was lately tried at St. Phillip's church, Liverpool, the invention of Mr. Roe of that place. It is a powerful instrument, containing three octaves, the bottom note (E natural) being four notes below any wind instrument ever made. The performance, accompanied on the organ, was very creditable to Mr. Jeffreys. Eminent professors have inspected this instrument, and have expressed their unqualified admiration and astonishment at the very powerful and melodious tone which is produced upon it. It is so very ingeniously contrived, that not the slightest noise is heard with the keys.

MITCHAM CHURCH.—Mr. Cullum succeeds Mr. Hopkins, as organist of this church. [How could "Fair Play" imagine we should insert his assertions without the authority of his name?]

LISZT.—The Vienna journals fall into convulsions whilst narrating the feats of this prodigy on the piano. He has given concerts innumerable, and yet the many headed public cry out for more. Thalberg has been sojourning at Vienna for some weeks, but has contented himself with being a spectator of Liszt's triumph. He has not yet performed in public.

DONIZETTI's opera, "Il furioso di St. Domingo," has been produced at Berlin, but with no very great success.

Lord Burghersh's opera is about to be produced in becoming style and splendour.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Correspondents surely cannot expect us to insert long communications during the press of the season.

H. H. W. shall receive attention.

Qu. shall appear, if possible, next week.

ANTI HUMPHREY has mistaken our publication. He may send for his trash.

N. M. is a snake in the grass.

We regret that, owing to our last Number having been published on Wednesday, several advertisements were omitted. The money will be returned on application at our publisher's.

WEEKLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.

Doehler's variations on a favourite theme from "I Montecchi e Capuletti." *Mori*
 Černy. Three Fantasias from "Lucia di Lammermoor." *Ditto*
 Bates, F. W. Introduction and variations on the air "Stanca di più." *Ditto*
 Admired Mazurka danced by Taglioni *Ditto*
 Liszt. Divertimento on Rossini's air "La Promesa." *Willis*
 Corbet, J. Grand March dedicated to the Queen. *Ditto*
 Distin, J. Echo Duet, as performed by the Distin Family. *Ditto*
 Bruton, J. The Coronation of Queen Victoria. *Tolkien*
 Grosse Coronation Divertimento and Grand Procession March and Waltz. *Jefferys*
 Lanner. German Waltzes, Op. 115, "Heimath Klange." *Wessel*
 Frisch, Robert. Vive la Reine, Coronation Waltzes. *Ditto*
 Kalliwoda. Teutonian waltzes and galops. *Ditto*
 Macfarren. Overture to "Romeo and Juliet," duet. *Chappell*
 Wade. The airs in Parasini, book 2. *Ditto*
 Devaux. Divertimento with Coronation March. *Ditto*
 Valentine, T. "The sprig of Shillelah," old English air, arrd. *Ditto*
 Strauss. Mosaique, or Walzer Guirlande. *Boosey*
 Doehler. Airs in "I Puritani." *Mills*
 VOCAL.
 Bellini. Opera of "Norma." *Ever*
 "Gende moon whose silver light," song to the air of "Vaga Luna." *Chappell*
 Crouch, F. N. "Farewell to thee, Mary." *Ditto*
 Tomáschek. "The Red Rose," German songs, No. 72. *Wessel*
 "An Artist known to Reputation," bass songs, No. 19. *Ditto*
 Lachner, F. "The storm a dance is playing," Concerts de Societe, No. 9, with pianoforte and violoncello accompaniments. *Ditto*
 Herbert. "One struggle more." *Aldridge*
 Cart, R. "The flowers of the wild wood." *Jefferys*
 Phipps, O. "Hail Victoria," song and chorus. *Tolkien*
 Wollaston, Miss. "List, lady, list!" song. *Willis*
 Moscheles' arrangement of "What ho!" Tyrolean waltz song, with German and English words. *Ditto*
 Dulcken, H. Arrangement of Tyrolean melodies, with ditto ditto, as sung by the Rainier family. *Ditto*
 Souper, Miss. "The merry peal," song. *Ditto*

Crotch. "The hour of prayer," words by Miss Barker. *Willis*
 Goss. "Sacred Melodies," vol. 4. *Ditto*
 "Parochial Psalmody," No. 2. *Ditto*
 Danvers Butler, Esq. "Our Queen and Constitution." *Ditto*
 Sale, J. B. "Blow, blow, thou wintry wind," song newly arranged. *Lonsdale*
 Callicott, W. H. Arrangement of Handel's Coronation Anthem, for four voices, with organ accompaniment. *Ditto*

FOREIGN VOCAL.

Lagoanere. "La torre del mistero" *Lonsdale*
 Gabusse. "Le Sciaue," duetto, soprano e contralto. *Aldridge*
 "Vedete in me la vittima," *Ditto*
 "L'ora estreme per te suona," *Ditto*
 aria. "Il Ballo Duetto," soprano e contralto. *Boosey*
 Tadolini. "L'Incontro in Viaggio," *Ditto*
 arietta. "La Rosa Arietta." *Ditto*
 "Sposo Amato," rondo con variazioni. *Ditto*
 Beauclerk, Miss H. M. "Io t'amo," romance. *Chappell*
 Donizetti. "Per sempre sotterra," Quartetto (Parasini). *Mills*
 "Per veder su quel bel viso," *Ditto*
 aria (ditto). *Ditto*
 Lagoanere. "Un orrido affanno," duetto. *Ditto*
 "Perche bramar," cavatina. *Ditto*

ORGAN.

A selection of psalms and hymns, as set on the church barrel organs of Flight and sons. *Willis*

HARP AND PIANO.

Bochsa. "Strauss a Londres," or books 3 and 4 of his Valses Favorites. *Boosey*

HARP SOLO.

Bochsa. "Rory O'More," Irish air arranged. *Chappell*
 "The angel's whisper," ditto. *Ditto*

GUITAR SOLO.

Strauss. Iris Walzer, arranged by L. Schulz. *Johanning*
 "Elisabethen Walzer," ditto. *Ditto*
 "Mosaique Walzer, 2 sets, ditto. *Ditto*

FLUTE AND PIANO.

Vaccani and Gabussi. Six ariettas, arranged by Forde. *Aldridge*
 Heinemeyer. Vars. in G on "The Sweetest Rose." *Wessel*

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Kuhau and Godbé. Var. on Melodie Autrichienne. *Ditto*

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"A magnificent organ had been erected by Messrs. Hill and Davison, the builders of the stupendous instruments at Birmingham and York, on the compass and scale now adopted in Germany. Its solemn and imposing effects appeared to lie in the pedal."—*Court Journal*.

"A fine and powerful instrument, built by Messrs. Hill and Davison, upon the German plan, the manual clavier having a compass of four octaves and a half from CC, in the bass, and containing eighteen ranks of pipes, and the pedal clavier, a compass of two octaves from CCC, with six ranks of pipes."—*Atlas*.

"It is much larger than that built for the Coronation of George IV. There are twenty ranks of pipes to each note on the manuals which extend to CC, the 8-foot pipe, and six ranks to each pedal which includes two octaves from CCC, the 16-foot pipe, to C the 4-foot. The compass of the manuals is the same as that adopted by the German organ builders, and the pedal board runs throughout two octaves. The trombone or posaune stop in the pedal is of a very fine quality of tone and immense power. The diapasons are rich and massive, the mixtures sparkling and brilliant."—*Musical World*.

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